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## Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, January 24, 1951

Linda Grace Hoyer

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January 24, 1951

Dear John:

Did you hear Bennet Cerf on Town Meeting of the air last night? He espoused the cause of the woman who lives through her family and I, naturally, was delighted. I should like to write a fan letter but probably will give it up. How ever did you have the courage to write all those letters to him? He seemed to me to have been outwitted last night and I think that is most unfortunate and want to say something comforting to him. But then he seems to think the American woman is pampered and that clouds the issue with me so that I don't know whether I'm really in sympathy with <sup>him</sup> after all. And to invite him to spend a week in Plowville would set my book back another two years at least. So, I'm having a dilemma. But fun! I should write to Mary too in gratitude for the box of housecoat and handkerchiefs. For some strange reason, I find that impossible too.

As I got into line yesterday to buy the dog licenses, Fred and Mahlon approached me. In a line of five, besides myself, four were Shillingtonians: Mrs. Shilling and Skippy's mother and Fred and Mahlon. Someone had told Fred you were at home. (The idea ~~fo~~ your failure to return to Harvard surely stuck in somebody's mind.) These gentleman seemed to be studying for their mid-year examinations and doing the town at the same time. A happy state, certainly, and for a second I almost wished that you had gone to a school closer to home.

Chipper got a green collar out of the trip and a leash like the one they lost last ~~afll~~. The collar sort of brings him up-to-date and makes him look more doggy and less like a Chinese philosopher.

I took the car into town and used a parking meter for the first time. Of course I didn't really park but ran the car in from the end of the line so that even if someone had parked in front of me the getting out would have been only a matter of backing.

The Lampoon arrived and I'm afraid we are not sufficiently familiar with Punch to appreciate it. Even your page seemed a good deal over our heads, even with grandpa's daily living of the caption. The boy in armor struck me as particularly sharp. Who did it?

Dr. Light sent me home from his shop last night with a terrific headache. I don't know whether he shot air bubbles into my head instead of novocaine or just missed the nerve that should have been blocked off. But, as you can tell from this, my thoughts haven't properly assembled themselves yet. So, good-bye until a happier day,

*Mother*